THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

HE LEADS.

Reuben Henry Sink.

Though we see not, but feel the way
In which He leads,
Be it enough our hearts to stay
To know He leads.

Though Land of Promise slips away
From eager feet;
Elusive though the restful day,
"He's true," repeat.

The heart of trust oft feels delay,
And sometimes bleeds;
Yet by His side still closer stay
And know He leads.

The day comes when we'll have our own,
Though long deferred;
The harvest comes from seeds we've sown--
God keeps His word!

When in God's time we know that He
Has truly said,
With joy we'll cry as we shall see
We have been led.

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STRICKEN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco is suffering more terrible shocks and destructive blows than she received in April of last year from the earthquake and the fire. We have no space this week for extended comment on the situation. It is not to be wondered at that men are almost in despair. But we believe that the dawn will come.

Let this be said to other cities if there are men within them inclined to be unsympathetic: This battle is your battle. It is one that had to be fought out; the conflict of which it is a part is an irrepressible conflict.

The difficulty of settlement lies in the fact that neither labor nor capital has for some time been as thoughtful of the interests of the other fellow as they should be.

More of Christ in the hearts and lives of the people is the only possible solution of the general problem. God has willed it that this world shall be shown that there can be life here only along the line of the principles and teachings of Jesus.

We can look only with condemnation on the men who are guilty of violence in San Francisco today, as well as on all who countenance it in any manner, directly or indirectly. Shame on the men who do not courageously and heroically oppose and denounce it. We do not see how the labor unions can clear their skirts of this iniquity unless they deal summarily with every member having to do with it in any manner. If the element engaged in it, or secretly aiding or glorying in it, is in the majority in any union, then let the decent law-abiding men get out of that union. It is admitted today, and even by labor union men, that there is a labor tyranny which dwarfs that of capital. So unreasonable in their demands, so arrogant have some unions become that many men are thinking of going entirely out of business. There is serious danger of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

We are not surprised that people all over the country in every rank and work in life are urging the United Railroads to stand firm in its decision. Our civilization is at stake. But if it should win, as it seems likely to do, let the experience be a lesson not only to it but to every corporation and to every individual having men and women in their employ that will lead them to seriously consider whether they are giving them "a square deal."

And let workingmen, especially union workingmen, remember that it is beyond intelligent question that the greatest tyranny the country has had for some time is the labor tyranny.

Let preachers of the gospel also reflect. So much has been said of late concerning the wrongs of the workingman that hands everywhere are clutching after the profits of business to such an extent that thousands upon thousands of men in business enterprises would be better off out of them than in them. Hands are at the throat of industry to strangle it. Sometimes this is ignorantly; at other times it is viciously. But the time has come to sound the warning and to sound it so loudly that it will penetrate every home in the land.

THE KIND OF MEN THAT ARE NEEDED.

A man not much talked of yet for the next Republican nomination for the Presidency, but who is likely to come ere long into the thought of a large number of people as a most excellent person for that exalted position is Governor Hughes of New York. Since his entrance into the gubernatorial office he has not been pleasing the politicians—the place-hunters—and this is one of the things tending to bring him into increasing favor with the common people. During the campaign last year he stated again and again that he would be the governor of all the people irrespective of politics. Republican leaders regarded his speeches as campaign promises and expected the party patronage as aforetime. Not long after his election, however, Governor Hughes told the Albany Republican organization in a speech at a reception tendered him that he believed in party organizations only as methods of expressing and executing the public will, and not as a means of livelihood for their members. This was a bomb thrown in the very midst. Latterly an influential politician who had tried in vain to secure party favors remarked: "That is the strangest man I ever met. You can't make any sort of trade with him; you can't approach him on the side of personal advantage; you can't seem to touch his political ambition. He is beyond me; the fool simply does right the whole time!"

When we first glanced at the printed remarks of the politician just quoted we read the word **strangest** as **strongest.** This substitution ought to be made. At least it ought to be **strong,** not **strange.** Governor Hughes is a strong man. As to character he is strong; in the affections of the people he is strong; and it is not at all improbable that he may go on producing consternation in the ranks of the politicians, and yet be regarded widely next year as the strongest man for the nomination for the Presidency. Not infrequently the world arrives at those stages and crises when strangeness becomes strength. It is said that Governor Hughes' conception of public life is that it is simply public service. This is the kind of men that are needed in public life and if Governor Hughes is what people widely are beginning to believe that he is he would make a splendid successor to that splendid servant of the people who now sits in the executive chair at Washington.

Here in California we seem to have a man who is of the kind needed in another avenue in life. A writer in a current magazine asks "Why does Luther Burbank devote his life to plant breeding? What is his idea?" And he proceeds to answer the question as follows:

"It is not for money. It would have been very easy for him to become a man of large fortune. All that was necessary to do was simply to take a few of his most important commercial creations—even one would have been sufficient—and develop them himself for the market. The plan he has followed has been to sell the new creations as they have come from his hand to some dealer without 'restrictions,' so that at the earliest possible moment the new fruit or flower could become cheap and get into the hands of the general public; and then take the money received from the sale and put it back into the new experiments. It is not difficult to see that this was a costly practice, but its unselfishness has borne splendid fruit." Repeating here the question, Why does he do it? the writer from whom we are quoting continues: "He does it because he cannot help it. He has been forced into his line of life by the same resistless power that makes a great painter, or a great statesman, or a great editor. He cannot choose from one point of view, for he is under what might be called a divine compulsion."

Just why Mr. Burbank does this does not especially concern us just now. The fact that he does it is the thing to be emphasized. And this old sin-cursed world sorely needs more men who will do it. Too generally men are asking concerning the things which their hands or brains find to do, "What is there in it for me?" Not, "What is there in it for mankind?" It is not Christ-like, and our world will never be what it is intended to be until near and far men become in their relation to others what Governor Hughes and Luther Burbank are herein set forth as being.

More than ever before people are realizing this. Not long ago the present writer was talking with a lawyer in an Eastern city who said that his law practice was not satisfying because it seemed to him that it was mainly for self—to get a living. He had a desire to do something that would make for the good and welfare of people in general. A public career of usefulness, without remuneration, if that had been possible, would have satisfied him. He was thinking of the other fellow and how to be most helpful to him. That is what the world must come to if it ever comes to the plane on which Christ stood. That is what men must come to if they are to be satisfied. Long ago Augustine said: "Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee.

"O bearer of the key
That opes and shuts with sound so sweet,
Its turning in the wards is melody,
All things we move among are vain and incomplete
Until we fashion them in Thee!"

SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

Not infrequently during recent years persons who have traveled in missioinary lands have testified that they had by their travels received considerable enlightenment as to missions and missionaries. One of the latest to so testify is Mr. Dillon Wallace who was the companion of Leonidas Hubbard on that ill-fated expedition into the wilds of Labrador a few years ago. Mr. Wallace made last year a more successful trip into those wilds; and one which, though it entailed much hardship, did not result in loss of life. For some time **Outing** has been publishing an interesting series of articles written by him concerning this trip. In one of these he says concerning the Moravian missionaries in the snowy northland:

"I am free to say that previous to meeting them upon their field of labor I looked upon the work of these missionaries with indifference, if not disfavor, for I had been led to believe that they were accomplishing little or nothing. But now I have seen, and I know of what incalculable value the services are that they are rendering to the poor, benighted people of this coast. They practically renounce the world and their home ties to spend their lives, until they are too old for further service or their health breaks down in their Heaven-inspired calling, surrounded by a people of a different race and language in the most barren, God-cursed land in the world. When their children reach the age of seven years they must send them to the church school at home to be educated. Very often parent and child never meet again. This is, as many of them told me, the greatest sacrifice they are called upon to make; but they realize that it is for the best good of the child and their work, and they do not murmur."

Concerning the daily life of these missionaries Mr. Wallace writes: "It is a busy life the missionary leads. From morning until night he is kept constantly at work, and in the night his rest is often broken by calls to minister to the sick. He is the father of his flock, and his people never hesitate to call for his help and advice; to him all their troubles and disagreements are referred for a wise adjustment."

As we read these words concerning the missionaries among the Eskimos in the wilds of Labrador we linked them with the preceding editorial, which had been written only a short time before, and the unselfishness manifested by them with the unselfishness in the other lives described. No matter how men may live it is such characters that they admire in their better moments. There is within all something that aspires in the direction in which such lives are going. All this and more all mankind were intended to be.

A PACIFIC COAST CONSCIOUSNESS.

It is to be hoped that all will read the article concerning the rally of the men of the Congregational churches of Western Washington and that concerning the installation of the Rev. Dr. Van Horn as pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle. They are of Pacific Coast significance and interest. "We are brethren!" During recent years there has been built up to considerable extent a Pacific coast consciousness. In the interests of our Congregationalism and the church kingdom it needs to be fostered and developed. The Pacific is using every endeavor, straining ever nerve, to that end. Believing that it is vital to Congregational work on the coast the paper has had large part in creating that consciousness. And were it not for the fact that it uses every opportunity to minister to the different sections, that consciousness would soon die out to a great extent. Fitting here is that remark of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence: "We must all hang together or we shall hang separately."

Friends of The Pacific are asked to remember that the date on the label bearing the name shows to what time the subscription has been paid. The paper is always hard pressed for money with which to pay

bills. There is no Congregational institution or enterprise on the coast so difficult to maintain. Religious journalism all over the country is struggling for existence. Congregationalists are far from measuring up to their duties and privileges concerning it.

A UNIQUE CONVENTION.

A Rally of the Men of the Congregational Churches Of Western Washington.

A meeting unique in the history of Pacific Coast Congregationalism was held in Plymouth Church, Seattle, Wednesday of last week. It was a marked success; and the Rev. Dr. Van Horn, the pastor of Plymouth Church, and the devoted laymen who together with him so planned and worked for it as to assure success, are to be congratulated.

Ministers and laymen met together in the discussion of questions which vitally concern the church and in the interchange of opinions acquired much which will be found of value in their work as together they go on for the upbuilding of the Kingdom in the communities in which they labor.

The topics for consideration related to the work of the laymen. They were: "What Are the Duties and Privileges of a Layman?" and, "To What Degree Are Our Congregational Laymen Measuring Up to Their Opportunities?"

Very properly, the laymen who were leading in the movement to awaken an increased interest in the work of the churches on the part of laymen did not wish to discuss these questions alone, and therefore ministers as well as laymen had place on the program.

After the moderator, Mr. I. N. Just, of Plymouth Church, had told of the purpose of the gathering and of the hopes they who had arranged it had entertained, the Rev. W. O. Wark, the pastor at Bellingham, spoke concerning the duties and privileges of the laymen. Mr. Wark stated that he had been a layman once, before he had entered the ministry, and that a few years ago he gave up the work of the pastorate for a year in order that he might look at things from other view points. He is of opinion that the clergy and laity are closer together now than at any other time in the history of the church. The pastor, he said, is one of the members of the church exalted to the position of teacher. Having so placed him the laymen are under obligation to stand to his support in every way. It is essential that they see to it that the pastor be not allowed nor compelled to fritter away his time and energy in doing work that others can do and ought to do. A thoroughly sympathetic cooperation on the part of the minister and the laity was suggested, and the duty of the laymen to render himself competent to do some particular kind of work in the church. It was shown that all can do something. Mr. Wark laid special emphasis upon the obligation resting upon the men of the church to inform themselves concerning the work of the church—what is transpiring in his own church and in the church at large. "Too busy? Take time!" As to Privileges, the thought was that he who meets his duty discovers that he has large privileges. Giving was named not as a duty, but as a privilege. It is the King's business in which we are engaged, and men ought to make the church stand for **something** in the community in which they live—ought to work in every way to give it first place. Men in government employ regard it as an honor to serve "Uncle Sam." So ought men regard it to serve the church, Christ's working body upon the earth. Mr. Wark closed his suggestive address with the statement that it should be counted a privilege even to suffer for Christ; that the world is forgetting that the choice things in life come to us through suffering, and that we are trying to escape suffering.

Mr. W. H. Lewis, who has given himself devotedly in ways many for the upbuilding of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, followed. He prefaced his address by the remark that what he should say might be regarded as too ideal. Referring to the address by the pastor from Bellingham he remarked that it was typical of the way the average minister treats the layman—careful not to hurt his feelings, given a little to coddling. What he would have was more striking straight from the shoulder. The average layman makes the church secondary, and he should be made to know it and mend his ways. The laymen often say, "Well, the pastor is paid for his work." "So are **we** paid." said Mr. Lewis, and we should do more Christian work than we are doing. The man who goes into the ministry cuts himself off largely from the opportunities for material advancement which come to the layman and for whatever Christian work he may do the layman gets as good if not a much better pay than the minister gets.

In way of suggestion Mr. Lewis urged the adoption on the part of laymen of more of the methods of the business and political worlds. Reach out after men personally; be tactful, be sympathetic; first get hold of and influence men in other than religious matters; and then lead up to these most vital concerns. In all the churches there is talent going to waste; organize as business is organized, "The great multitude is not reached through preaching. Can you blame men that they are so slow to come into relationship with the church when we reach out so few hands to win them?"

President Penrose of Whitman College opened the discussion which followed these able addresses with the remark that the first duty of the Congregational laymen is the rediscovery of democracy. "We are a priestridden sect. We are led by ministers, and are by no means the democracy that we call ourselves. Almost every department and line of work is administered by the clergy. Referring to the last National Council he stated that of the 456 delegates only 83 were laymen, and that only 32 of the 164 persons appointed on committees were laymen. Seven of the committees had no laymen as members, and on every committee except one the ministers were largely in the majority.

Laymen of the Congregational churches, declared President Penrose, you are not running the business of the church as you should run it. In most of the affairs of the church you have very little part, and into those in which you do have part you are not putting business methods. The business men of Seattle would be ashamed to conduct their business as church work is conducted.

Referring to the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society losses as shown by the statistics, President Penrose laid the blame for these at the door of the laymen, saying from this work the pastor is to considerable extent absent.

It is an ominous time, he continued, for Congregationalism. We are dwelling too much on our past,

and are drifting back instead of moving forward and meeting the demands of the age. Any business man would say that any business corporation that did not show better results was in danger of registering soon a failure. President Penrose said that there is need also for the church to rediscover the central teaching of Christ. "We are suffering from a false theology. The teaching of Jesus was not centrally about the getting of salvation for self, but as to the establishing of the kingdom of God upon the earth."

The Rev. Dr. House of Westminster Church, Spokane, spoke of man's main duty as being the recognition of his own powers, the feeding of those powers and then a discriminating use of those powers. In the opinion of Dr. House laymen are putting too much emphasis on material things. The importance of contact was emphasized. The laymen must go out after men in various ways. A pastor once noticed not less than 75 new faces in his congregation. All had been brought in by a layman who had determined to do something. The church club at Spokane had led in a reform movement in municipal affairs and with great success. The necessity of taking the last step was dwelt on by Dr. House. The Prodigal had to take the last step in order to get home. Men must be brought to realize that it is a high privilege to give themselves for others. At the close of life it will not be the money you have made which will give you satisfaction; it is the giving of yourself that you will look on as the greatest thing in your life, and nothing else will satisfy.

The Rev. Dr. Ford, of the First Church of Tacoma, expressed the opinion that the Congregational disease had been well diagnosed; but, What is the remedy? "This kind goeth not out save by fasting and prayer." The reason why we cannot reach and win and heal is not because we do not see the privilege of it. It is because men in the church, in many a church, are not doing the **first** thing. They do not have power, because they neglect the means of grace. The important question for each is, Am I living in close contact with Christ so as to get inspiration for service and power for it? There is wide and urgent need for a rediscovery of the Christ of personal experience.

The Rev. Dwight Bayley, of Snohomish, remarked that he had been waiting for someone to say what Dr. Ford had said. The great need is that men everywhere should get close to Christ and the cross of Christ. Too few men, for example, are seen in the prayer meeting; the appearance of some of them there would be shocking, but the church can stand such a shocking; it would welcome it.

Dr. Kilbourn was of opinion that a large majority of the men thought that going to church, and perhaps to Sunday-school and prayer meeting and the giving of money constituted about all there is of the religious life. The need is for the working out of such a system as will put all to work.

Secretary Allen of the Y. M. C. A. voiced the conviction that men must make spiritual contributions to the church; must be given things spiritual to do; it is as much the mission of the laymen to preach as it is the mission of the preacher. The church cannot hold and develop the Christian life of the men if they are led to think that they are only for the business side of it. Let us have lay evangelists in the pews who will pass the gospel along, and we will be building up the membership themselves in the life in Christ and winning others for enlistment under his banner.

The Secretary told of his own experience as a young man in Tacoma. He had to settle the question of the acceptance of and allegiance to Christ because some one was everlastingly after him. Today we steal up on the blind side of a man and in a mild and apologetic kind of way seek to give him hypodermic injections of religious truth. We are not, as laymen, dispensing religion as we ought to dispense it.

A teacher, in the State University we believe, a member of the University Place Church, made one of those confessions which are said to be good for the soul. He had been working, he stated twenty-five hours a day, and had allowed work to crowd out some of the higher interests with their duties and privileges. He thought however that such had been the inspiration of the occasion that he would buckle on more of the armor of righteousness, and was hoping that Mr. Mason, his pastor, who sat under the sound of his voice, would not regard this as another leaf turned that would soon be turned back again.

Mr. Beattie, another layman, came with the thought that to know God it is necessary to do business with him. Man's chief business is to serve God. It is not to sell real estate. Attention was called to the hollowness and mockery of it when people sang the hymn containing the words "I will do what you want me to do, Lord," and then went on doing and saying and going where **they** wanted to.

At this juncture the Rev. J. E. Smith of Everett remarked that he had been thinking of a new revival as he sat there listening to the discussion. It was encouraging and inspiring to hear laymen speak in this manner. Mr. Smith called attention to the fact that there were only seven laymen in attendance at the recent meeting of the Northwestern Association, and asking for a showing of hands expressed gratification at the large number in Plymouth Church that afternoon.

Judge Mac Donald of the Edgewater Church, a man of large service in that church, spoke of the inclination on the part of many to shirk duty. He is convinced that the responsibility for the regeneration of the world rests largely on the laity. "If the laity would pull together and do their duty as the ministers generally do theirs great good would result."

Others spoke, but our space forbids further mention of the afternoon meeting.

Supper was served by the ladies of the church, and opportunity was afforded thus for social fellowship; and then again in the evening the convention met for the hearing of other addresses and for discussion thereof.

The topic for the evening was, "To What Degree Are Our Congregational Laymen measuring up to Their Opportunities?" Mr. W. H. Morrill of the First Church of Tacoma made the first address, showing that the layman is not naturally a drone. If he is inactive, why is it? Pastors, it is for you to give him to do, to show him what to do. You have a laity wanting to do; many have an energy brimful; give them the work and they will respond. Give us clear-cut conceptions of duty and of things to do. The difficulty often has been that duties have been too ideal, not reduced to a practical basis. Mr. Morrill referred touchingly to the Shriner whom some one approached to aid at the time of the railroad disaster near Santa

Barbara, and who said, I am dying, go help others. In life as well as in death men have the desire to help; everywhere are those who seek not their own but others' good.

The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams of San Francisco told in brief in a graphic manner the story of San Francisco since April of last year, showing to what extent and by what means the city has been arising from its ruins and holding the supremacy which has always been hers on these Pacific shores. Dr. Adams told humorously of the way a woman in the East had looked him over when he had told her last year that he had stood in the bread line in the days following the great calamity. He served almost as a whole menagerie for a time.

Several hundred men listened with great interest that night as Dr. Adams showed by his story how laymen in San Francisco had been measuring up to their opportunities in religious work in the trying months since April, 1906. There had been splendid giving he said, on the part of the people of the First Church. It was due to their devotion in various ways to the church that a reconstructed building, well equipped for the work, stands on the old site on the corner of Post and Mason dedicated without debt. Mention was made of the fact that the Fourth Congregational Church was the first of any denomination to build a temporary house of worship in the burnt district and the First Church the first to build a permanent one. In the course of his address Dr. Adams remarked that it was a good thing for a church to get disestablished sometimes; that it brought out the strength, the Christian manhood that was within it, and more firmly rooted it in the things that really count in life. No one could listen to this manly courageous talk and fail of inspiration to strive more heroically to measure up to his opportunities whether those of a layman or a minister.

But we shall have to cut off our report of this unique and thoroughly inspiring convention with brief mention now of the remarks of but one or two who participated in the discussion.

The Rev. Dr. House of Spokane had been asked to lead in the discussion. He indicated how some churches through their laity are measuring up to their opportunities and how others are not. In way of illustration he told of the attack the Oregonian had made on the Rev. Dr. Hill, when he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland and had led in certain reform movements in that city. The Oregonian came out boldly that Dr. Hill "must go," saying that it had so declared concerning other ministers in the past, and that they had gone one and all, each in his turn; and now Dr. Hill's turn had come. Dr. House had been asked to write a letter for publication that would help to stem the tide which the paper was making to sweep up against the Presbyterian pastor and overwhelm him. Dr. House could not see that a letter from him would do any good. But it came like an inspiring flash the following Sunday morning that some resolutions which he might draw up and induce his church to indorse would have weight. He wrote them and made them strong, and his large congregation without exception approved them by arising when they were read. They were sent at once that morning to the Presbyterian Church where they seemed like a breath from heaven; they were published the next day, and the Oregonian never peeped thereafter. The sentiment of influential laymen was back of them; the great daily, inclined, as we who are acquainted with it well know, to be very dictatorial at times, knew on which side its bread was buttered and how it was buttered; it wanted the butter, and so Dr. Hill remained in Portland until of his own will he went to take a widely influential position in McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago.

It is not surprising that after the services of that afternoon and evening in Plymouth Church, the laymen should be desirous of knowing the estimate which Dr. Van Horn placed on the convention which he had had large part in bringing about and from which he was hoping much good would result for the church and the Kingdom. Dr. Van Horn was called out and crowned the evening with words fitly spoken.

Such was the inspiration of the occasion that it was deemed advisable to appoint a committee which should have as its duty the calling of and the arrangement for a similar meeting sometime during the next twelve months, if in their judgment there should be a demand for it.

The editor of The Pacific found it pleasant and profitable to be there; it would have been pleasant and profitable perhaps to have tabernacled longer with the brethren of Western Washington, but duty and privilege demanded a speedy departure so that through the columns of The Pacific somewhat of the inspiration and uplift of the occasion might go out more widely among the churches.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE REV. DR. VAN HORN.

An Event of Pacific Coast Interest And Significance.

Plymouth Church, Seattle, was quite a center of interest last week. Following the rally of the men of the Congregational churches of Western Washington, came the installation of the Rev. Dr. F. J. Van Horn, who entered on the pastorate in that church one year ago, and who has greatly endeared himself to the people during that time.

The council for Dr. Van Horn's installation was composed of the Congregational churches of Seattle, the First churches of Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Spokane and Portland, and of the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams of San Francisco and Superintendent Scudder of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

Dr. Van Horn made an oral statement of his religious experience and belief which was highly satisfactory. There was back of him a long line of Christian ancestry; the training was Calvinistic and the Shorter Catechism shaped his early religious thought. He spoke of the recollection of hearing when he was five years old his mother repeat the 23rd Psalm in a prayer meeting. The meeting had not meant anything to him up to that time; it meant something then and after. At ten years came his first religious awakening, four years later he united with the church, but there was no growth in the religious life until a few years later he went away to school. He was born and bred a United Presbyterian. But Oberlin College educated him and here the trend began toward Congregationalism. Once in the old home church he heard from the lips of a preacher from Scotland what seemed to him the first great sermon he had ever heard. As he went out to the sheds to untie the old horse for the ride home, he said in the hearing of only the horse and God: "I

will preach a sermon some day in that church, on that text." And he did: it was not however in the same building, for that was burned and another stood in its place. But it was in college that the question came up for decision, "Where can I make my life count for the best?" And then it was that thought and heart centered on the Christian ministry. After his college education had been secured he might have gone to Princeton. The inducements were strong to keep the young graduate in the Presbyterian fold. But in Oberlin he remained and so Oberlin has shaped his life. Its theology Dr. Van Horn regards as the most workable and the most preachable. Again and again during the years since his Seminary days has he gone over his theology, and it has always been back to Oberlin and conservatism. After leaving his first pastorate in Cincinnati and going to one in New England he found himself the successor of a minister who had gone over to Unitarianism. In the midst of the tumult of thought into which the church and community had been precipitated he found it necessary to review his theology again, especially with reference to Unitarianism, and stood to the conclusion that it was only a protest, a natural one of course, against a misused Calvinism. At one time Dr. Van Horn inclined somewhat toward conditional immortality; he is not much inclined that way today—perhaps not at all; but he doesn't dogmatize on things eschatological. Among the many things, he said, that he learned of President Fairchild, was to say, "I do not know." He believes in the Deity of Jesus, in the virgin birth, accepts the constructive higher criticism, but not the destructive, stands on the Congregational creed of 1883, and lays emphasis on the preaching of the Kingdom.

It is not surprising that the Rev. Dr. Ford, the moderator of the council, should announce after brief deliberation that with great heartiness and joy the council had unanimously agreed to proceed with the installation services. Nor is it to be wondered at that Superintendent Scudder in extending the right hand of fellowship should picture the man that Washington Congregationalism had wanted in Plymouth Church and present him to the audience that evening in the man who was being installed.

Dr. Van Horn has come to a church which should have and does have a far-reaching influence. It was fitting accordingly that the charge to the people should be by the Rev. Dr. House, of Spokane, recently of Portland; that the charge to the pastor should be by President Penrose of Whitman College, and the sermon by Dr. Adams of San Francisco.

In the charge to the pastor President Penrose said: "I do not charge you to be faithful, for God has put the spirit of faithfulness in your heart," And Superintendent Scudder said in extending the hand of fellowship: "Even Dr. Adams in San Francisco will be stronger because of your strength."

The Pacific congratulates not only Plymouth Church and Washington Congregationalism, but all Pacific Coast Congregationalism. We congratulate Dr. Van Horn in that God has opened up to him so magnificent a field for service, and that already his influence is deep and far-reaching.

Persons intending to go to the meeting of the ministers at San Quentin next Monday should remember that the boat leaves the Tiburon ferry at 9:15 in the morning.

IAN MACLAREN—A MEMORY PICTURE.

By W. N. Burr.

"Ian Maclaren died this morning." This announcement in the evening papers the other day came with the shock that always accompanies the news of the sudden death of a friend. Some of us live much with men and women whom we have never seen, perhaps, but who have come into our lives through the work they have done, and made there a large place for themselves.

I have "read" Ian Maclaren since the first days of "The Bonnie Briar Bush." It was my privilege once to see and to hear him on the lecture platform. His theme that afternoon was "The Place of the Kirk in Scottish Life." Eight years ago it was, but I can hear the voice of the man yet as he told us the story of John Knox and Mary Stuart:

"The Catholic Queen and the Protestant reformer met sometimes, and then the sparks flew as from an anvil. But the fearless reformer always came out best; for Mary suffered from a woman's disability. John Knox had nerves like whip-cord, and could hold himself against all odds; while Mary's nerves were like violin strings, and sometimes they snapped. Mary would lose her temper.

" 'Who are you?' she would cry in anger.

" 'Your majesty: I am not an earl, and I am not a knight. I am a member of the Scottish commonwealth,' John Knox would reply. Then he would go out, and the gentlemen and ladies of the court would jeer and gibe at him. But he would turn on them and give them a John Knox look, and perhaps let fly a John Knox word or two, and soon those birds of paradise would be huddling in a corner like fowls when a hawk's about. Then he would go to the pulpit of St. Giles, and he would preach, and preach, and preach; and he preached his Protestantism into the hearts of the people, and the cathedral went down and the kirk sprang up; and the kirk has been the center of Scottish life from that day to this."

In the course of his lecture that afternoon Dr. Watson narrated a bit of experience he had one day with a railroad employe—the man who "shunts the trucks" of a freight train. And here is the story as I scribbled it into my notebook while he was telling it:

"I was called one day to a funeral some miles away, and I missed my train. I found I could reach the place in time by going on the freight, so I settled myself in the one little car of a freight train that a passenger may ride in. I thought I was in for a slow, lonely bit of travel, but I soon found I was mistaken in that. I seated myself and looked around. Yonder on the side of the car I saw the face of a noted divine looking down upon me with dignity. Further along was the picture of a fine church building. Pictures ecclesiastical of many kinds were pinned to the sides of that car; and right in front of me was the report of a noted heresy case cut from a newspaper and pinned there. I felt quite at home—almost as comfortable as I would have been in my own study. By and by the man that shunts the trucks came in, and the train started. He looked at me, and I looked at him, and we were friends at once. I was in his study, but I was a minister, and I soon found that nothing could have pleased that man more than to catch a minister in his car. He was aching for a talk with a minister, and here was his chance We

talked a little about the famous heresy case, and then he said:

"'Now, Doctor: it's twenty miles we've got before the train stops and I've to go out and shunt the trucks. There's plenty of time now, and no interruptions. Let's take up Deuteronomy, the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy. And we took up Deuteronomy, and we talked Pentateuch, and Hexateuch, and Moses, and the repetition of the law. Ay, how that man did revel in Deuteronomy that day. Like sweet morsels under his tongue were his arguments in favor of the Mosaic authorship of the book of Deuteronomy. We talked Deuteronomy until the train stopped, and he had to go out to shunt the trucks.

"By and by he came back, and the train started.

"'Now, Doctor,' says he, 'we've got fifteen miles more before we reach the place where you stop. The train is slow and there's no interruptions—let's take up the Song of Solomon.'

"So we took up the Song of Solomon, and we talked about the Song of Solomon—the majesty of the Bridegroom, our blessed Lord, and the beauty of the Bride, his Church; and our hearts were warm within us, as we drew near to our Beloved; and it almost seemed as if we were the two disciples at Emmaus with our Lord sitting close beside us, opening to us the Scripture, and showing to us therein the things concerning Himself."

La Jolla, Cal.

A REAL SIN.

In the following the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, speaks of what he regards as "the real sin." We presume that he means a real sin. There are other real sins. But herein is indicated a real sin which demands as much attention as any other. Mr. Campbell says:

"The ethical and spiritual reawakening of Christendom is at hand. 'The law and the prophets were until John: from that time the gospel of the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it.' We want a Christian unity based upon a recognition of this all-important truth. We want a practical assertion of the fact that the church has no meaning and no function if it be not this. We want effective declaration of the truth that God is seeking manifestation in this way, and that the Christ is present in all his saving fulness in every effort put forth for the healing of the wounds of mankind and the realization of a spiritual brotherhood on earth as in heaven. We want this ancient ideal preached as a new evangel. We must show the masses that we are in earnest, and to do so we must let other objects sink into the background: 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' We must be simple and sincere. When we use the word sin, let us show that we mean selfishness; and when we proclaim a gospel for sin, let us begin by being unselfish ourselves. Where is the good of talking to men about sin while we have plenty and they are starving. The real sin consists in doing nothing to alter such a state of things. When the man with a burdened conscience comes to us for relief, let us tell him that we all bear the burden together, and that until he becomes a Christ all the love in the universe will come to his help and share his struggle. His burden is ours—the burden of the Christ incarnate for the redemption of the world. There is no want within the range of human experience which this gospel will not meet. It is the proclamation of our oneness with God. Never since the nascent days of the Christian evangel has that gospel been preached with fervor and clearness by an individual church. If the church will unite to preach it now, the future is glorious. It can be preached under any or all of the existing ecclesiastical forms, but it must be preached; the world is waiting for it. The unprivileged mases of every nation in Christendom are yearning for it and ready to respond to it. They do not know—how could they know?—that the church originally came into being for this end and for no other; so in their hunger for a purer, nobler social order, they have turned away from the church, and many of them are making the mistake of thinking that they can live by bread alone. Let the prophets come forward and tell them the truth, the truth that the hither and yonder are one, and that man is worth the saving here because he has an immortal destiny and must begin somewhere if he is to reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ in the 'one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.'"

The Second Advent.

In this connection we quote from a recent article by Sir Oliver Lodge in the Hibbert Journal:

"It is deeds far more than creeds that are wanted now. Ye have to discover, but we have also to realize. We do not want matter without form, any more than we want form without matter. An idea must be incarnated before it is effective. That is how Christianity was founded, when the Logos was made flesh.

> 'And so the Word had breath and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds
> More strong than all poetic thought.'

"Nothing less than a reincarnation of the Logos will invigorate the faith of Christendom and carry forward the salvation of mankind. That is the meaning of the Second Advent. The second incarnation will be in the hearts of all men—a reign of brotherhood and love for which the heralds are already preparing their songs. Already there are signs of his coming and sounds of his feet; and upon our terrestial activity the date of this Advent depends."

It is along such lines as are here marked out that a great deal of the best thought of the twentieth century is moving. But it should be remembered that the true church of Christ has always emphasized the deed. The words of the Master were in effect that not they who said, Lord, Lord, but that they who did the will of the Father should enter into his kingdom.

Everywhere today are to be found those who want to do the will of the Father, and widely is being asked the question, Is that will being done to any great extent? Is the Chrstian world, even, to any great extent living in accordance with the principles and teachings of Jesus who came to reveal the Father? What he believed he incarnated. Are we doing that?

The sale of revolvers by the European, the American and Japanese stores in China to the natives is contrary to law, but it is clandestinely carried on. It has become a serious menace to the peace of many communities in China This is the same old story—shortsightedness.

"NO EXCLUSION LEAGUE NEEDED."

The foregoing is the caption of an editorial in the Post-Intelligencer, of Seattle, one of the leading daily papers on the Pacific coast. A Japanese and Korean Exclusion League was organized in Seattle recently, and it is in this manner that the Post-Intelligencer greets it. Another paper remarks that the name of the League is the biggest thing about it. It is not expected that it will make much headway in Seattle. The editorial in the Post-Intelligencer is worth quoting, and we quote it:

"For several very good reasons there is no excuse for the existence in Seattle, or any American city, of a Japanese-Korean Exclusion League. Such organizations are entirely out of harmony with the spirit and genius of American institutions. Besides they are a menace to the peace of this nation. They encourage race prejudice, invite senseless antagonisms, expose the government to possible and wholly useless irritation, and foster dangers this country should seek to escape.

"It is a mistake to assume that there is any genuine Americanism in these movements against the Japanese and the Koreans on purely racial grounds. Genuine Americanism takes no such narrow view; indeed, the average sane and decent American will agree with the saying of one of the earlier patriots that 'the world is my country, and my religion is to do good.' This republic was dedicated to liberty and the rights of man at an awful cost, and it must be maintained, whatever the cost may be, to carry out the high and holy purposes for which it was founded.

"There is little need in this enlightened age for the maudlin sentiment which would make the Pacific littoral a frowning wall to forbid the passage of the stranger from the East. The attitude of the American nation toward the peoples of all countries is, and ought to be, friendly and helpful. Men who assume any other attitude toward the people of foreign countries fail utterly to appreciate the nature and character of American institutions, and, in very many instances, seek to deny to others a blessing which has proved of inestimable value to them.

"The Orient has contributed much to Western civilization. Some of the sanest and soundest principles of English jurisprudence had been observed and enforced for centuries in China before the wise men of the West welded them into the splendid system of laws from which we have drawn our own rules. Japan's literature, the romance, heroism and idealistic precepts of feudal Japan, if you please, translated into our own language by patient and scholarly students, has enriched our libraries and introduced new and elevating currents of thought into American life.

"But independent of these considerations, and obligations and responsibilities of the central government ought to make these 'exclusion' movements impossible. Race pride is sacred and sensitive. It is brutal needlessly to offend it, and at times it is dangerous to do so. The American government is at peace with the world. But it cannot hope to remain at peace with the world when American citizens conspire to undermine the very basis upon which it has established relations of cordiality and amity with other governments. There ought to be an end to these foolish movements against the races of the Orient.

"Any propaganda which rests upon racial prejudice is not only fundamentally wrong; it is also utterly and inexcusably wicked. If the American people are strong and just enough to shield the lowest of humankind; if they are gentle and noble enough to search out the humblest of human beings, naked nomads of the jungle, that they may lead them toward the centers of light and learning, surely they may be game, and fair enough to themselves, and to their country to deal justly and honorably with peoples that possess the virility and enlightened virtue of civilization.

"There is no need in Seattle or elsewhere in this country for 'exclusion leagues' directed against the Japanese, as a race, or against any other people because of their color or their origin. Such organizations are opposed to the best sentiments and traditions of the republic. They are noxious growths."

There is no doubt that the Post-Intelligencer represents the general sentiment of the people of Seattle, and this attitude will bear fruit. This will soon be the great route for the Japanese trade with the United States if the loud-mouthed agitation continues in San Francisco. It is significant that word has already been received from Baron Kuroki, now in the East, that he will return to Japan by way of Seattle. This was his port of arrival. San Francisco has been ignored, and justly so.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CALIFORNIA HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following named churches have made contributions to California Home Missionary Society on account of year ending March 31, 1907: Auburn $30.10, Alameda, First, $276.45, Angel's Camp $10, Alturas $20.40, Adin $6.45, Byron $1.80, Berkeley, First, $527.20, Berkeley, Park, $25, Berkeley, North, $225.88, Black Diamond $16, Benicia $22, Beckwith $20, Crockett $5.25, Cloverdale $75, Clayton $5, Campbell $141.60. Cottonwood $30, Ceres $16, Etna $14.95, Eureka $49, Falk $6.25, Field's Landing $14.25, Fruitvale $22, Ferndale $10, Fitchburg $33, Fresno, First, $65, Grass Valley $69.28, Guerneville $25, Haywards $49.50, Hydesville $8.01, Kenwood $39.50, Lincoln $1.50, Lockeford $14, Lodi $53, Likely $8.20, Mill Valley $42, Martinez $25, Niles $65, Oakland, First, $3,555.15, Oakland, Fourth, $45.75, Oakland, Pilgrim, $163, Oakland, Plymouth, $75, Oleander $25, Oroville $96.20, Pacific Grove $110.42, Petaluma $161, Pescadero $9.50, Porterville $82.60, Palo Alto $97.75, Rhonerville .50, Redwood $62.10, Rio Vista $12, Santa Cruz $375.42, San Francisco, First, $1,231.10, S. F., Plymouth, $72, S. F., Fourth, $42, S. F., Bethany, $40. S. F., Olivet, $87.49, S. F. Park, $25, S. F., Sunset and Ocean View $38, San Francisco, Richmond, $7.05, S. F., Bethlehem, $5, Saratoga $130, Sebastopol $38.60, Sacramento$89, Soquel $50, Santa Rosa $95.50, Sierraville $25, Suisun $15.75, Sonoma $31.25, Sunol Glen $40, Stockton $187,90, San Mateo $103.90 San Jose $380.40, Sunnyvale $45, Tulare $67, Wyandotte and Palermo $42, Weaverville $12.50, Port Costa$14.

Individual gifts: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Doane, Hydesvelle $1, F. B. Perkins, Market St., Oakland, $5, Mrs. F. B. Perkins $1, Mrs. M. Kellogg, First Church, Berkeley, $5, Mrs. M. B. Hoppin, First Church, S. F., $10, E. D. Hall, San Rafael, $10. From Bieber $5, Oakland, In Memoriam, $5.

Included in the above amounts were $1,788.10, contributed through W. H. M. U., and in addition to this, $85.30 from undesignated W.H. M. Unions at the East and in Southern California, following the calam-

ity of April, 1906, as follows: Highlands, Southern California, $175, Long Beach, Southern California, $50, North Bennington, Vt., $110.35, undesignated churches, through N. Y. H. M. S., $100.88, New Haven, N. Y., $12.65, Elk Horn, Wis., $17.40, Spencerport, N. Y., $13.55, Allegheny, Pa., $20.59, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., $10, Willoughby Ave., Chapel, N. Y., $28.73, Cornwall, Conn., $11, Friend, N. Y., $8.50, Elliott Church, Lowell, Mass., $41,13, Puritan Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., $93.57, Mrs. Perkins, Philadelphia, $10, Loomis, Neb., $24.45.

The following churches sent in offerings late in April after the treasurer had closed his books: Murpheys, Mill Valley, S. F., Bethlehem, S. F., Richmond, Green Valley, Rocklin.

H. E. Jewett, Secretary.

SOME OF THE WORK IN PASADENA.

The First Church and its Japanese Mission .

This work has been handicapped from the beginning, by the inadequacy of its quarters. This hindrance is now grandly removed. Its new mission home was dedicated on Friday evening, the 3rd inst. The rooms now occupied are those which, when Pasadena was younger, served as a City Hall. Afterwards, they were occupied by the Pasadena Business College. They have been renovated throughout and are large and high and cheery. They comprise a large school room and chapel; a reading room, called also a "rest room," and a half dozen smaller but quite spacious rooms furnished with comfortable beds and well fitted to constitute a refuge and home for these otherwise homeless ones. The rent of these rooms will nearly cover the rent which the mission pays for the whole establishment. The chapel and rest room were thronged by Japanese and their American friends. The only disappointment was that Dr. Meredith's ill health prevented our having him with us. Addresses were made by Dr. Jones, Mr. Sherman, the assistant pastor, by two Japanese brethren, and by Dr. Pond, and with songs and prayers interspersed, the service was made intensely interesting and profitable. The workers are enthusiastic and the work is in a most hopeful condition.

The Westside Church.

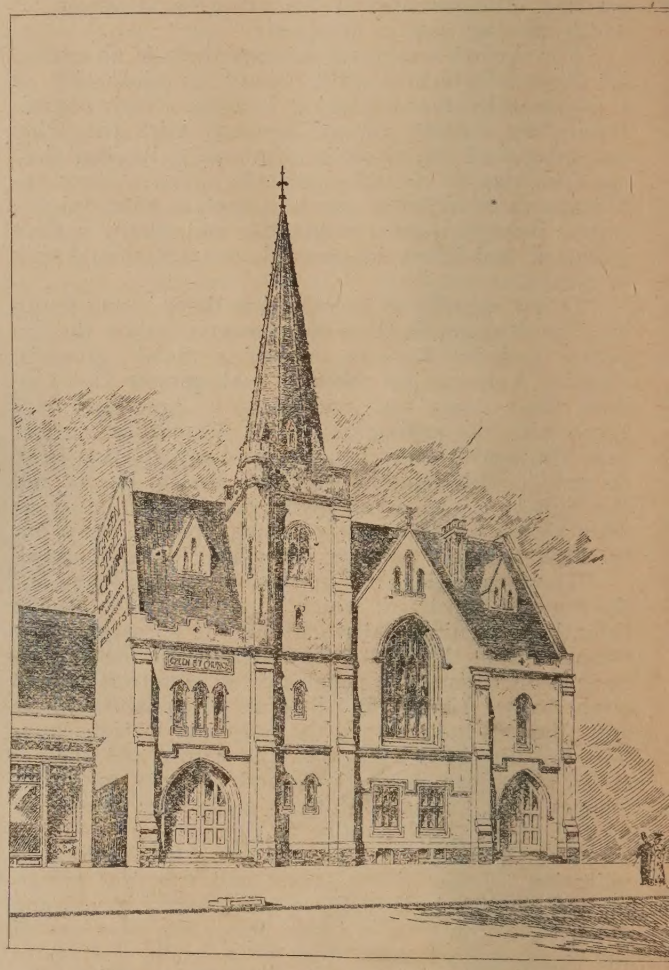
This church is at present without a pastor. It presents a field which with the goodly sanctuary and a noble band of laymen, should be attractive to whatever messenger the Master may send them. Quite certainly he will not be one conscience-bound, or otherwise bound, to air so-called "advanced ideas," sowing seeds of doubt instead of strengthening faith and feeding the flock. The anniversary of its missions to the Chinese and to the Greeks was held on Sunday evening, the 5th instant. A very large audience was present, and the exercises were most cordially received. The service closed with the Lord's Prayer offered in four languages,—first by the Greeks in the very words in which Christ gave it to us; then in Chinese; then in Japanese; then by the whole congregation in English. The reports showed good work done in which nearly one hundred had been reached with gospel influences, with results which the great future will disclose. One thing is certain—the labor has not been in vain. W. C. P.

Some church news items had to go over until next week.

THE GREEN STREET CHURCH.

The arrangement and design for the Green Street Church, San Francisco, is perhaps the best solution of many problems arising from unusual requirements of its work, limitations of site, and the wishes of pastor and congregation.

The building will be earthquake proof, immune to fires from surrounding buildings, of slow-burning interior construction, and can be built at comparatively



small expense. The exterior design is appropriate for a Congregational church as it is in the perpendicular Gothic characteristic of many of the English churches where Congregationalism had its rise. I believe that the building when completed will be found admirably adapted for the institutional work this church has the desire and unsurpassed opportunity to do, and that both the work and the building will be a source of commendable pride to all our California churches and other friends who may contribute to its furtherance and erection. Francis W. Reid.

Forty years after Morrison began missionary work in China there were only 500 Protestant converts. Today there are about 150,000. But, think of China's population—400,000,000! A great field, that, for missionary effort. But this is one only of many lands. Evidently the call is for a greater and a wider consecration on the part of the followers of him who said, "Go ye and disciple all nations."

The Home.

THE MATERIAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

Andrew Carnegie.

Things material are abundant. Our mills and factories are numerous, large, and prosperous, but things material, including money itself, should only be the foundation upon which are reared things spiritual. Our mines of coal and iron have not completed their mission when transmuted into dollars. Not till the dollars are transmuted into service for others has wealth completely justified its existence. Dollars are only dross until spiritualized, a means to an end, and miserable is the man, mean and squalid his life, who knows no better than to deaden his soul by mere possession, counting over the hoard which holds him down or using his faculties in old age in augmenting the useless stuff which ministers not to any taste worthy of man.

Little does and little can the speculator on the exchange or the mere dollar grabber in any line of activity know of the higher pleasures of human existence. Only when a man labors for the general good and for other than general aims that end with self can he know and enjoy the high spiritual rewards of life.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation so essential to every one who wishes to mingle in society, can only be perfected by frequent intercourse with the polite; yet great assistance may be derived by an intelligent person from the observations below, and no important blunders can possibly be made if the rules here given be attended to.

Under favorable circumstances, and among persons who know how to train a conversation, there are few if any amusements more grateful to the human mind. Every one knows something which he is willing to tell, and which any other that he is in company with wishes to know, or which if known to him, would be amusing or useful.

To be a skillful conversationist, one's eyes and ears should be busy; nothing should escape his observation. His memory should be a good one, and he should have a good-natured willingness to please and to be pleased.

It follows that all matter of offense in conversation should be avoided. The self-love of others is to be respected. Therefore, no one is tolerated who makes himself the subject of his own commendation, nor who disregards the feelings of those whom he addresses.

There is as much demand for politeness and civility in conversation as in any other department of social intercourse. One who rudely interrupts another, does much the same thing as though he should, when walking with another, impertinently thrust himself before his companion, and stop his progress.

It was one of the maxims of a French philosopher, that "in conversation, confidence has a greater share than wit." The maxim is erroneous, although it is true that a fashionable fool may attain to the small talk of which much of the conversation of society is composed, and his glib confidence may so impose upon the superficial as to make this pass for wit; but it will not be received as such by that portion of society whose esteem is desirable. Good sense, sound and varied information, are as necessary as confidence to enable a man to converse well.

In addition, then, to the ordinary routine of education, make yourself acquainted with the passing circumstances of the day—its politics, its parties, its amusements, its foibles, its customs, its literature, and at the present time I must also say its science. Some of these subjects may be the parent of much gossip and scandal; still, a man moving in society as a gentleman, must be ignorant of nothing which relates thereto, or if he is, he must not appear to be.

Avoid a loud tone, particularly in speaking to ladies. By observing men of the world, you will perceive that their voices, as it were, involuntarily assume a softness as they address the sex; this is one of the most obvious proofs of an intimacy with good society.

Never attempt to occupy the attention of a company for a long time; unless your conversation is very brilliant it must become very tiresome.

The object of conversation is to entertain and amuse. To be agreeable, you must learn to be a good listener. A man who monopolizes a conversation is a bore, no matter how great his knowledge.

Never get into a dispute. State your opinions, but do not argue them. Do not contradict, and above all, never offend by correcting mistakes or inaccuracies of fact or expression.

Never lose temper—never notice a slight—never seem conscious of an affront, unless it is of a gross character, and then punish it at once.

You can never quarrel in presence of ladies, but a personal indignity may be avenged anywhere.

Never talk of people by hints, slurs, innuendoes, and such mean devices. If you have anything to say, out with it. Nothing charms more than candor, when united with good breeding.

Do not call people by their names in speaking to them. In speaking of your own children, never "Master" and "Miss" them—in speaking to other people of theirs, never neglect to do so.

It is very vulgar to talk in a loud tone, and indulge in horse-laughs. Be very careful in speaking of subjects upon which you are not acquainted. Much is to be learned by confessing your ignorance—nothing can be by pretending to knowledge which you do not possess.

Never tell long stories. Avoid all common slang phrases and pet words.

Of all things, don't attempt to be too fine. Use good honest English—and common words for common things. If you speak of breeches, shirts, or petticoats, call them by their right names. The vulgarity is in avoiding them.

Be not partial to theorizing, or your conversation will assume the style of speech-making, which is intolerable.—The Chautauquan.

The Quiet Hour.

CREEDS.

The sky said to the sea:
Behold, from God I came,
And though my clouds change endlessly
Like Him am I the same.

The sea said to the sky:
Brother, 'tis so with me;
My waves and tides go ever by,
Yet day and night the same am I,
Like God, eternally.

—Louise Morgan Sill.

DO NOT WORRY.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

While we are ready enough to excuse ourselves, we are also apt sometimes to be content with crying out against ourselves: "Well, yes, I know—this is my failing, I am so anxious. I do so fret and worry. I wish it were not so." And thus we spend our energy in fretting because we fret, and worrying because we worry.

All this shall avail us nothing. Homeopathy may have its place, but it will notcure care. You cannot cure worry by worrying about it.

It is well for us carefully to consider with what exquisite graciousness the Lord Jeuus deals with this evil. In all his character there is nothing more beautiful than to see him as Master of the art of reproof. The hardest thing in the world is to reprove wisely. In nothing need we take more care when dealing with others than in the matter of reproof. We may scold people into hell, but we can never scold anybody into heaven. We may scold people from delusion into despair, but we can never scold them from failure into hope.

Linger for a moment on this aspect of the Saviour's character. On one occasion there was a great quarrel among the disciples; so fierce was it that even as they came along the road the noise of their wrangling was borne upon the breeze to the ears of the Lord Jesus.

"What was it," he asked afterward, "that ye disputed among yourselves as ye came alon~ the way?"

They had disputed which of them should be the greatest. How it must have hurt the heart of the meek and lowly Jesus to find this spirit springing up among these fishermen, this lust of superiority! Think what it must have meant to him who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. We well might expect to see all the indignation of the Lord Jesus stirred to its utmost depths.

But what does he do. **He sits down.** There is a great deal in that. You cannot be very fierce or demonstrative when you sit down. Silently Jesus beckons a little lad to come and stand at his side. The presence of that little one took away all harshness. Everything was filled with a beautiful tenderness as, with his arm about the lad, Jesus said: "Except ye become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

So is it when the Lord Jesus comes to deal with our care. He who himself marveled that the disciples should be frightened or anxious even amid the fierceness of the stormy sea, fetches in the birds and bids them sing to us and charm away our worry, even as the musician of old drove forth the evil spirit by the sweet strains of his harp. He brings in the flowers, and by their beauty and their fragrance he heals this sickness of the soul, as the physician finds in the plant the healing balm.

We must be careful to hear throughout all these words this undertone of tenderness. I sat one day by the bedside of a sufferer who was about to undergo an operation. Her face lit up as she said: "I never knew before the meaning of that word—is there no **physician** there? He is the Good Physician, not the Surgeon." How blessedly true it is! He brings only the balm. It is bad enough when any seek to cure their own worry by worrying about it; but it is a great deal worse when we try to cure the worry of others by worrying them. Here the hand that binds must be careful not to bruise. Here that which is meant to heal may so easily inflame. So is it needful to be rid of any tone and touch that can irritate. They who dress this wound must be careful to disinfect themselves of poisoned germs.

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands."

—From "Christ's Cure for Care."

MY COMPASS.

By M. Adele Thieman.

I am the captain of my bark,
Which is carried by the breeze;
Or which in tempest wild and dark
Is tossed through restless seas.

I do not know the course to steer,
The gathering clouds lie low;
But tho' 'tis rough, I have no fear,
The Port I'll make, I know.

The Sea of Life is very wide,
The harbor I cannot see;
But there's a compass which will guide
My little bark and me.

Without this compass I would be
At the mercy of the gale;
But with its steadfast aid, I see,
Without it I would fail.

My compass is the God of Love,
And His power will guide aright;
For tho' a captain, from above
I draw my help and light.

Young People.

CAPITAL NIL.

A True Tale of Small Beginnings.

A lovely day in June. In the country, balmy, enjoyable, life-giving. In the city, dusty, dry, stifling. The pavements seemed to scorch. The houses are a glaring mass. Even busy city men cease to hurry.

Under the doorway of a corner house, with close-shuttered, dusty, windows, stood a boy, so weary, so forlorn, and hungry-looking, his pitiful aspect might have attracted notice in any less busy throng, but in the big money-making city, at this hour, all were too intent on their own affairs to heed him.

Stay! there are two just passing, young fellows. A few doors back they turned out of a "dining-room." They have been having a plentiful meal; they are

chatting gaily, and as they pass the dusty doorway where the forlorn boy has shrunk away from the glare, one says to the other, in reference to something they have been talking about:

"Wonder what his capital amounts to now. Not much, I should say."

"Capital nil," briefly rejoins the other.

Both laugh, and hurry on their way. The boy had heard, had known the remark was applied to himself, though he most likely had no idea what the words meant. He shrank a little farther into the dusty gloom of the doorway, as if he were ashamed of being hungry and friendless; yet, poor boy, it was by no fault of his he was so.

Hungry, penniless, wanting to work, but no work to do. That was his case.

It was considerably more than a day and a night since he had tasted food. All the daylight of those hours he had been afoot, asking at every place where he deemed there might be a chance, for "work." Always with the same result; no one wanted a friendless boy who had no one to "speak for him."

Habit is second nature, and nature will fight a long while before she gives in. Just now, though, nature was calling very imperatively for food. Thirty-two hours is a long while to fast, even though a boy is not a glutton, and the smell from the dining-room close by seemed to tantalize him worse than all.

What to do next? That was the thought occupying him. It seemed to him that he had done everything there was to do.

Some people, when they ponder, look down on the ground, others turn their eyes upwards. This boy, as it happened did neither. His eyes had a way generally of looking straight before him, and doing so, they sighted a very dirty, discolored brass plate on the door against which he had been leaning when he took refuge from the glare, and the big, hurrying crowd which appeared to have no place for him in it.

Involuntarily the boy began to read the name and calling set forth upon the plate, which was a big one.

"How dirty it is; no one can read it!" he said to himself.

Then, in conformity with a habit of his, he began to rub a small piece of the plate.

"Some difference that makes," he said, half aloud; and he rubbed again with the sleeve of his old jacket.

In a few minutes the brass shone radiantly. He had been rubbing only listlessly at first, but suddenly he took off his cap, tore away a piece of the old leather lining, and dipping it in the accumulated dust in a corner of the doorstep, he redoubled his efforts, with such good results that the plate began to glitter and gleam.

A band of young street skirmishers had collected at the foot of the steps, staring at the lad.

"Out of the way, youngsters! out of the way!" exclaimed a bustling city man, issuing from an adjoining warehouse, and half tumbling over them.

"What's to do here, eh?"

"He's a-cleaning that there door-plate."

"He's a making of a looking-glass for to see hisself in."

"Well, but—I say, my lad, who set you to do that, eh? The place is empty! What's it all about?"

The boy had stopped his work. By this time several men had gathered round. The boy came forward.

"If you please, sir, no one told me. I hadn't anything to do; I want to work."

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"Of course, yes, all right. But who's to pay you? where's the joke? Don't see."

"It was so very dirty; I had nothing to do," said the boy simply.

"But, if you must clean doorplates, don't be rubbing dead-and-gone ones to shame the living," went on the voluble city man. "Here, come and furbish ours; it wants it bad enough. Hope you'll do as well with it as you have by this. Why, it makes one's eyes blink. Ha, Ha!"

"It does so," said his friend; "never saw anything like it."

"Here; in case I'm not back by the time you've done," said the new patron, handing him a sixpence. "That's the plate."

"Please, sir, might I get some bread first?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Bread! why, haven't you had your dinner?"

But the boy was already across the road.

"He's half starved," said one of the party, who had been watching the hungry eyes of the lad, which gleamed with joy as he grasped the lump of bread the shopwoman handed to him with his two-pence change.

"Bread!" ejaculated the prosperous city man, to whom the idea of an appetite to be gratified by such fare was utterly unknown.

The boy ate and worked together, putting good will into both operations.

"Well, it looks as it never has since the day it was first put up," said the new employer.

But the brightness of that plate was not to be stood by its neighbors. Five more that afternoon the boy bestowed his attentions upon with such good success that the sun seemed setting in half a dozen different places in the chief street of the city that evening.

"You must come oftener, my lad," was the command, when next he made his appearance. "Come every day and give it a rub; and here—these handles. What d'ye use? how d'ye do it? They can't make it out; my fellows can't make it out at all."

"He must have a secret, ye know, to make them things blazon out in the way they do."

"'Tis just grease," put in an old coachman—"elbow grease."

The laugh went against the loafer.

"Anyway, you can come and do ours," said a caretaker of some offices. "There is four of them; I'll give you twopence apiece all round."

So the boy's work grew. Every day brought him fresh customers; earlier and earlier the boy began his rounds. Each day saw his work finished later. The early dawn found him polishing away. His active little figure was familiar to the night policeman long before relief time came.

So he went on year in and year out. The fogs of winter were his most persistent enemies; against those even he waged active warfare, often beaten, but never disheartened.

"You don't make your dinner off dry bread now, eh?" said his first employer to him one day.

"Not much more, sir," replied the boy.

"What?"

"I'm saving, sir."

"Oh! ah! quite a capitalist, I suppose. But you might get into a warehouse. I believe a friend of mine would take you."

"Thank ye, sir; but I would rather keep at this. It's always in the fresh air, and then if I left 'em they's get so dingy again."

"I like work, sir."

One dull October morning the boy had finished polishing the large plate by which he had made his first fee. He bestowed yet again an extra rub, and still lingered.

"It's no use bothering over that this foggy weather," said the voice of his first employer, as he bustled past to enter.

"It's the last time, sir," said the boy, almost sadly, though there was an exultant light in his eyes.

"Last time? What d'ye mean?"

"I—we sail to-morrow, sir."

"Stuff! Can't you do better than that?" cried the testy city man.

"I've saved enough to pay my passage, sir; I always meant it."

"Never! And a boy like you! no capital! no interest!"

The lad smiled. He had often thought of those words the young men had used when they passed him in the dusty porch. He knew the meaning of them now.

"I think I'll do, sir," he said. Then he looked almost affectionately at the doorplate, with a final rub. "They'll soon get dingy," he said, and something like a sigh followed.

"Let us hear from you—how you get on," said the city man, kindly, as he bade the young fellow a cheery farewell. "You'll get on fast enough, no doubt."

As the years passed on they did hear of the young man from time to time.

He was getting on always, steadily and surely. Comfort and plenty have gradually surrounded him. A very rich man he is not. He remembers too keenly his once forlorn state to be insensible to the needs of others. Such men never grow wealthy.

"Ho! ho! sir, that is the same fellow! Read that, sir! read that!" And the old city man points to a paragraph in a paper which has just come to him across the seas.

"In the recent election of our worthy fellow-townsman to the highest office save one obtainable in the township we have a fresh proof of the power of individual effort unassisted by extraneous circumstances. It is within the memory of many, not our oldest subscribers, when he arrived in the colony a friendless youth," etc.

"That, sir, is the young fellow I gave his first job to; cleaned that very doorplate for sixpence-"

"And he went out without interest, without capital!"

"Capital, sir! He loved work for its own sake! I tell you, that's it—he just loved work. That was his capital."—Every Boy's Monthly.

THE BOY'S CLEAN SECURITY.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been a deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as sucurity."

Shoot at the sun and you will at least hit the moon," isa Persian proverb. It involves the thought that the higher the standard, the nobler the ideal, the greater the attainment. Unless one has a grand conception of life, and has trained toward its attainment, a great opportunity will only make him ridiculous. A member of the President's Cabinet, in an address to the students at the California University at Berkeley, once said: "If you make a failure of life, it is not because of lack of knowledge, but for lack of education." Knowledge is mere information. Education is drawing out de—development. It is not enough to have noble ideals, and high standards, but there must be development—a pressing toward the mark of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Mere good will, wish, hope, or even ardent desire is not attainment.

The newest innovation that has taken place in the method of working a coal mine is the substitution of concrete for the mine timbering.

TIME AFTER TIME.

Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. "That seems like nice work," said one to the other, observingly, as he watched a mechanic, driving, with well-aimed force, nail after nail into place.

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the other boy.

The workman, paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled, "You would never do for a mechanic, then," he said, "since it is only repeated effort that brings good result."

This is true along any line of work you may pursue. The art of accomplishing a task skilfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, however, but rather to increase our desire to succeed. It is true that "no great thing was ever lightly won."

A boy who early in life sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man approvingly to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task. "John always does his level best at everything," was the reply.

That is really the secret of the whole matter—our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in war was being entertained in a home where a bright-eyed lad sat at his feet eagerly listening to the conversation. "Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?" "Sir," was the answer, "I mean to be a great soldier like you." "Oh," he said, as he laid bare a hidden scar, "are you willing to pay the cost?" Time after time are we to perform the duties asigned us. Our work may not be marked by human eye and it may seem of minor importance even to us, but if in it is thrown the energy of heart, of will and of mind, some day it will count, and the one talent will have been multiplied as the great Giver intended.—Sarah V. DuBois, in Christian Intelligencer.

IN MEMORIAM.

I wonder if He heard the little pattering feet,
And sent an angel out to meet
My baby in her raiment white?—
I fear me she'd be frightened of the night
With no one there her little hand to hold,
And she so far from Mother-fold.

I wonder if He took her in his arms and blest,
As on that day when Mothers prest
Their babes against His sacred knees?
And He, caressing, said, "except as one of these
Ye cannot of His perfect kingdom be,
Who rules and reigns eternally."

And then, I wonder if He held her there, my sweet,
Until He came to Mary's feet,
And laid within her loving arms
My wee ewe lamb, safe now from life's alarms.

—Margaret N. Goodman.

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MARY ANN FINDS A PET.

It was noisy and dirty where Mary Ann lived. The big trains thundered past every hour of the day and rattled the windows.

But there was the tunnel. Not forty feet from Mary Ann's front gate it opened its great black mouth and Mary Ann was never tired of watching it swallow the great long trains.

And at the other end of the tunnel was the country. Mary Ann had never seen the country but she knew all about it for that was where her mother had lived when she was a little girl.

"O, child! If we get your father into the country!" Mary Ann's mother would often say and then she would sigh and look up from her work at the clouds of smoke pouring from the chimneys of the factory where her father worked.

Mary Ann knew why her mother sighed. The doctor said it was the smoke which made her father's face so white.

One hot day in summer she was swinging on the front gate eating a radish. She took small bites to make it last as long as possible and stopped now and then to lean over the gate. Suddenly Mary Ann heard a pitiful little whine. She looked and listened. She heard it again and this time she saw that it came from a dirty, woolly little bundle of hair that lay quivering on the track. She called excitedly to her mother and they picked up the poor little bundle which they found to be a little dirty white dog with brown eyes.

"Run for some water, Mary Ann," said her mother, putting the dog down on the tiny porch.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed Mary Ann. "He has a shiny collar on and it has some writing on it."

Her mother looked and read it. " 'Wiggles,' that must be his name."

"Dear Wiggles," murmured Mary Ann, patting his head softly.

When Mary Ann's father came home that night he said Wiggle's home was just the other side of the tunnel and he would take him home on the next train; Mary Ann might go, too. Mary Ann caught her breath. To go through the tunnel and see the really truly country! It was all like a wonderful dream.

Mary Ann cannot remember just what happened next but she remembers that she was walking by her father's side, the dog clasped tightly in her arms, when a little girl in a white dress came flying toward them and Wiggles gave a bound from Mary Ann's arms into those of the little girl. And the little girl's father shook hands with Mary Ann's father and then Mary Ann and Wiggles and the little girl sat down on the grass.

And what do you think happened then? The little girl's father found that the factory smoke was making Mary Ann's father ill and he asked him to bring Mary Ann and her mother and live in a little cottage covered with roses and take care of the lawn and big stable.

And so he did. The first night that Mary Ann was tucked into bed in the new home she murmured happily, "An' 'twas all account of Wiggles."—Annie L. Berray in The Congregationalist.

ANCIENT SHOES.

Nobody knows, says the Indianapolis News, who was the first shoemaker. There must have been a time when everybody went barefooted, and the first shoes were probably made of woven reeds or skins. The original shoemaker doubtless sought comfort more than style.

The Celt, who at times wandered over moor and morass, at others over mountains, invented a shoe that suited his purposes exactly. A sole of heavy hides protected his feet from the sharp stones, while uppers or legs of lighter skins protected his ankles and legs from thorns and bushes. The buskin was so constructed that the water exuded from it as soon as the foot ceased to be immersed. In the modern shoe the idea is that water be kept out, not let out.

The Celtic buskin was tough and elastic, and could be replaced whenever there was untanned skins at hand. Every Celt was his own shoemaker.

With the Norman Conquest came the introduction into the British Isles of tanned leather, which had long been in use in Normandy, where it had been introduced by the Romans.

Shoes then began to take on style, cated in later days. From close-fitting shoes fashion went to long, pointed toes, which in time grew so long that they had to be fastened to the wearer's knees.

Shoes were gorgeous affairs in the Middle Ages. King Richard, the Lion-hearted, had his boots stamped with gold. John Lackland, his brother, wore boots spotted with golden circles, while Henry III. wore boots checked with golden lines, every square of which was enriched with a lion. Cardinal Wolsey's shoes were "of gold and stones precious, costing many thousand pounds."

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